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Letter from Annie Adams Fields, Venice, to Anne Whitney, 1892 May 16

Annie Adams Fields

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Giovanni Bullini not to speak of others
dear to our hearts. The great Colonna
statue which you doubtless remember
is nearly encased under a staging
put up for the purpose of taking casts
for Boston and other American cities.
It has been covered a great while longer
and no casts have yet been taken!!
I have mentioned Miss Leigh Smith sister of Miss
Bodikon who lives here with her friend Miss
Blythe and paints daily and punctually.
She is a delightful woman, indeed the
both are and I should be ungrateful
not to put the name in a letter from Venice
which they have made doubly delightful by
what a temptation it is to take an apart-
ment and live here during the summer!
It is so comparatively easy to come here
for since the steamers land at Genoa
that I fancy more Americans than ever
will come this way. To get the true
incandescence of it all, however I think
an apartment by for the best way to live.

What a world Italy is! The look
place always seems the most difficult
to leave, but when the look is Venice
it is well nigh impossible. We are going
to Aix les Bains for baths and later for
a tour in France before we return in
September. We hope to hear from you
by and by. This is only to read you

Venice. May 16th 1892

My very dear Anne & Adeline:

We went yesterday to
try to discover Mr. Erskine
in this strange interesting
world called Venice. I assure
you it was not the simplest
thing to do. For several days
we had been asking ^{about Erskine} at the
hotel and of artists and
other "people" but he was neither
to be seen nor heard of. At last
Miss Leigh Smith said she knew
of him twenty years ago as
living in the quarters St. Angelo
and her experience was that
once settled in a certain part
of Venice either to remain or
their whereabouts. Of the
natives there seems to be only
true. They know nothing of any-
body outside of the Dorsla or

Can we serve you in this?
As to the land?

your most affectionate friend

"Camp" where they just draw
breath. So I thought we
would go to St. Angelo and
ask. We had set apart a half
hour in which to see don Clara
Alvhalha but not finding her
yesterday we began our search.
After rowing under the arches
of old S. Stefano and through
narrow "Calle's" we came to the
picturesque Camp of St. Angelo. Here
after diligent search at the grocer's
and apothecary's we found this
house straight before our eyes.
He was however ill, very ill, his
wife said, and had been so for
fifteen days. She is a hard soul
woman, sweet and gentle too,
although I fancy of the pleasant race,
and it is not difficult to see why,
we found him separated from
his own race and people.
There were one or two very interesting
pictures in the room we stood

in, but everything was to our
American eyes rather unkempt
although it did not look as if
they were suffering for anything.
However it was of course impos-
sible to judge but we left
our name and address and I
hope if the poor man needs
succor in any way that he will
send for unless he is too ill.
It was a quiet old place and
the afternoon sun was in the
Camp upon which his room looked
out. A statue of some old Italian
inventor of Hydraulics! was in the
center of the square.
We have had a moon here and
music, and every day long rocks
on the gentle coasts of the canal
until we feel half drowned
in the dream life which envelops
the whole place and removes it from
the common world of humanity.
My Sarah sends her love to you with
mine. We have been living among
the wonderful pictures of Cosmicio
Tuttoritto (why did I not put him
first?)